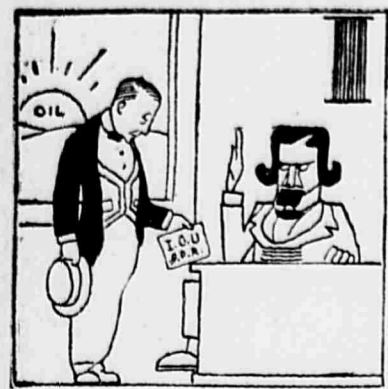


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HOW MR. ROCKEFELLER DID IT.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S testimony there was nothing more edifying than his description of how he began to get rich. When he started he had no capital to speak of, "only \$4,000 in 1862." He made his colossal fortune, the biggest in the world, by the use of other people's money, other people's brains and other people's labor.

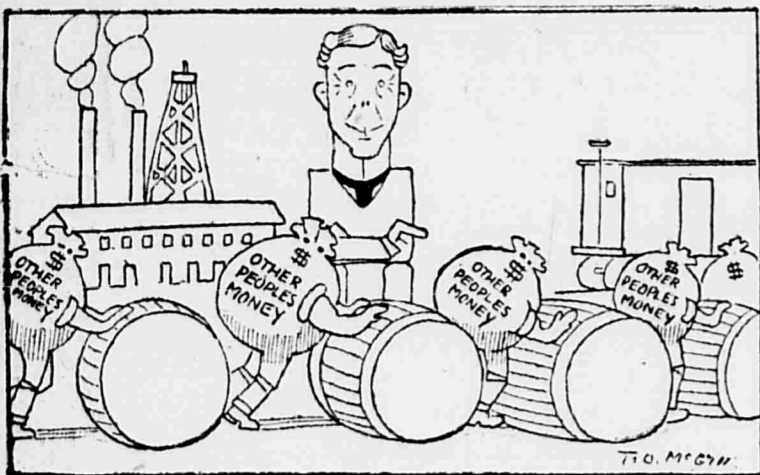
Mr. Rockefeller worked, but so did everybody else, and since Rockefeller had the majority of the Standard Oil stock, he reaped for himself the majority of the profits.

When Mr. Rockefeller started in the oil business there were many other oil men. What their brains lacked was not a knowledge of petroleum or how to turn it into kerosene but the knowledge of how to get rich.

Mr. Rockefeller's policy from the start was to make other people's money work for him. He made alliances with New York bankers because "We were enabled to secure large sums of money at lower rates than we could secure the same in the West." He borrowed as much and as cheaply as he could and from everybody who would loan it to him.

This emphasizes the great economic truth that not the rich but the comparative poor are the creditor class. The capital by the use of which the Harrimans, the Ryans and the Morgans have become so rich is not their own savings, but the savings of the mass of the people.

The three big life insurance companies of New York have considerably more than a billion dollars loaned to or invested in stocks and bonds of properties which Harriman, Ryan, Morgan and other rich men control. The men who saved this money get about 3½ per cent. on it. The men who use it and who control the properties in which it is invested get the difference between 3½ per cent. and its real earnings.



In the savings banks of New York City there are deposited another billion dollars, accumulated through the thrift of comparatively poor people. It is invested in approved bonds and mortgages. The people who own the equities get what this capital earns over the 3½ or 4 per cent. interest the depositors receive.

If John D. Rockefeller had had to depend on his own savings and had doubled his capital every five years he would now be only an ordinary one millionaire. And how many people are there in any business who make a net 20 per cent. profit year in and year out over their living expenses and business losses?

After establishing the foundations for a growing line of credit Mr. Rockefeller took in with him the most expert oil refiner, the firm best versed in the export oil business, another concern that made the best oil cans and expert coopers. He also took in several railroad presidents, giving them a side line of profitable graft.

With all these experts working for him, and cheap credit facilities.

Mr. Rockefeller had nothing to do except to see that everybody worked in harmony and that nobody got his control away from him.

How simple it is to get rich when one looks back at the way it was done as described in Mr. Rockefeller's pellucid testimony!

Letters From the People

"How Old Are They?"
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Readers, here is a good one: When Jane will be as old as her mother is now, her mother will be three times as old as Mary is now. When Mary will be as old as her mother, her mother will be twenty-one times as old as Mary was when Jane was born. What are the ages of Mary and Jane?
I. H. HANFIELD.

Working Girl vs. Teacher.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to enlighten "Working Girl," who cites the present day school teacher as an instance of those who have "easy work, short hours, high salary and still are dissatisfied." Perhaps "Working Girl" does not know that a teacher has spent from five to seven years preparing for her profession. Also, that, having been appointed as a teacher, she is constantly attending courses of lectures, to further improve and broaden her intellect. Considering her work, which is

often that of developing mind and intellect where nature sometimes seems to have left a vacuum, surely no one can say that she is overpaid. Every teacher in our city has at least two hours' work after school has been dismissed. Moreover, people are paid, or should be, according to the education and skill they bring to their vocations.
TEACHER.

Ayesha.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What was the name of the continuation of "She" by Rider Haggard? It was published in The Evening World about four years ago, but I have forgotten the name.
Mrs. WILLIAM SCHOTTE.
Jersey City, N. J.

Another "Farmer Problem."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A and B are farmers. Each has sheep. A says to B: "Give me one of your sheep and I will have as many as you." Then B says to A: "Give me one of your sheep and I will have twice as many as you." How many did they each have?
F. H. CUNNINGHAM.

On Hazardous Business

By M. de Zayas



Deserted by Her Army of Human Meal Tickets, The Chorus Girl Must Starve—or Eat at Home

By Roy L. McCardell.

"VIOLET, the colored maid, has went," said the Chorus Girl. "Dopey comes home dilled and we didn't know nothing could do that. Abe Wagglebaum and Louie Zinsheimer ain't showed up in an age and we thinks maybe they has gone astray, because you can't introduce nobody to nobody without what they'll take away your meal ticket. But I think Dopey being dilled is what upset the share the mostest."

"What's being dilled? Pickled? As Phil Space, the night-hawk reporter, says, what we must do is to avoid tautology and not cramp our style with facts. Using second-hand words is tautology. So Dopey was dilled, d-d-doubled-d-dilled. Hivv it now?"

"Oh, you never could a-told it, but someb'd busted in the plumbing in the flat upstairs. I don't know who they is, but it's a gentleman that beats his wife; it ain't the lady that drinks—she lives on the floor below."

"Nob'dy come up to the trap to take us out to dinner, fer didn't I tell you Abe and Louie has gone out of our lives? And Old Man Moneyston is out of town."

"So we all chipped in and had food in the flat. It was just like picnicking, eating in the dining-room. So we sit Dopey down at that corner of the table. Well, we had the soup first and Dopey at and et and et."

"We passes on to the pig's knuckles and sourknot and the ice cream, and there Dopey still scooping up the soup and trying to finish it. But, despite his frantic efforts to finish, he don't get the chicken consommé below the pin-soll mark, and then we see the water is running down his derby hat—fer Dopey don't take off his hat unless there's company—and into his soup, and he don't notice nothing except his plate don't get empty, and then we wise it. He's dilled."

"Not having no maid just upset things terrible. Violet was very rejined, even if she was a dinge, but Mamma De Branscombe found fault with her last time we et home because she wouldn't wash dishes—Violet sent 'em out with the ashes. And when fault was found Violet said she had her own self-respect to think of and she'd worked with some of the best people and had been

Ethel Barrymore's maid, and hadn't come down to doing general housework yet, thank Heaven, and the next thing she knew she'd be ast to make the beds, and nobody come up to the flat any more to tip her, and how could she afford to work if she wasn't paid—and anyway, as a colored lady with the connections she had, she could go on the stage, and it didn't behoove her to sacrifice her career, and the last time she wore Mamma De Branscombe's evening dress to the Colored Bellhops' Ball, Ada Walker Overton's understudy had recognized it as one she'd sold to a second-hand lady and she had been humiliated in Afro-American upper circles, and if anybody said a word to her she'd rough-house the flat, and the kind of cologne we used hadn't no strength to it anyway, and, altogether, she wasn't satisfied with the place."

"And there we was, Mamma De Branscombe said it was the last time she'd employ a nigger. And to think Violet could talk like that after all that had been promised her!"

"Mamma De Branscombe said she'd look around and adopt an orphan girl that was looking, not for wages, but for a good home with refined people."

"So she's going to advertise that she wants to adopt a stout girl for general housework, must be neat and obliging, four in family that et out. Swedish help preferred."

"Dopey came in when Violet was panning us all something fierce and Mamma De Branscombe appealed to him. But he said he wouldn't dignify any lady, even if she was a dinge, by knocking her down, and he advised us to simply make faces at her and thus treat her with silent contempt."

"Anyway, Dopey said that we didn't need a maid; it wasn't for him the beds would never be made; and advised us to get a social secretary, as everybody with any class had a social secretary. And the Musical Swede had just come off the island and needed a place to sleep."

"All Dopey thinks of is swagging society and the Smart Set. He says he knows how hard it must be to be poor and we should do some settlement work among the destitute. Dopey thinks he's rich beyond the dreams of avarice because he has two pairs of suspenders."

"All his talk is of the gay life and he's all excited over Dick Croker coming back, because Croker won the Derby in England, and Dopey says he'll bet it was one of them fashionable green ones."

"Dopey says it ain't the first time a hat was won or lost on the horses, but he's glad racing is had a crimp put in it by Gov. Hughes, because the last horse he backed cost him a hundred dollars."

"He backed it into a plate-glass window."

"Glad!"



THE WEEKLY WASH
BY MARTIN GREEN

The Kaiser seems to be in Dutch. He is now an Emperor without anything to emp. Bum days, these, for Kings and Emperors.

The Sultan of Turkey has had his whiskers pulled by "The Young Turks," which sounds like the name of a Yorkville social club.

Hayes has as much right to sell his ability as a runner as other men have to sell their ability to lay bricks.

WHEN SLEUTHS DO NOT SLEUTH.
"I SEE," said the laundry man, "that Commissioner Bingham has ordered his cops to wipe the Humpty Jackson gang off the face of the earth."

"And did you notice how the cops essayed to carry out the job?" asked the man who was getting his package. "They surrounded an open saloon, rushed in through the swinging doors, drew their artillery and arrested nine attaches of the Street Cleaning Department who were surrounding five-cent portions of brew. They searched for separate prisoners to see if any of them had Humpty Jackson concealed about his clothes and then locked tilland up on charges of disorderly conduct."

"In the mean time a young reporter from The Evening World, being assigned as an active editor to go out and in the view Humpty Jackson found him, it was easy as he could have found a Wildcat's den. He interviewed a him at some length."

ON RUNNING AND EARNING A LIVING.
"THIS Johnny Hayes, the Marathon hero, appears to be as strong as a lot of condemnation cause he has quit the amateur ra and gone out for the coin," said laundry man.

"As for me," said the man who was getting his package, "I can't see why shouldn't he go out for the coin. The Bible condemns the man who w and hid his talent in the ground a commands the man who invested a talent and made it work for him. Hayes' talent is in his legs and him and heart. Why should he hide it? I find a lot of gold medals and love cups that are deeply inscribed with a name so he can't look them? Many a honored amateur athlete is doing and cover what Hayes is doing openly. seems to me that Hayes has as mu right to sell his ability as a runner."

people to the United States and South America. When the Emperor of China died the other day his mourning subjects showed their sorrow by shooting off firecrackers and having feasts.

"The trouble with kings and emperors is that they don't get the right training. The y ought to come over here and take a few lessons in the art of distributing hot air and salve. We have certain parties in public life who could hand them a bit of information. If Emperor Wilhelm had only learned to make his private secretary the Patsy Bellamy he would have avoided his recent feat of looping the Reichstag."

other men have to sell their ability to write or to peddle or to lay bricks. "Are you going down to Washington to tell the Congressional Committee why the tariff should be reduced?"

"It's against the rules," explained the man who was getting his package. "For any witness before a fact committee to pay his own railroad fare and expenses."

The Story of the Operas
By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 2—D'ALBERT'S "TIEFLAND" (THE LOWLAND).

PEDRO, the shepherd, dwelt alone in his hut on the Pyrenees. He scarcely saw another human being twice a year. He had never spoken to a woman not seen one except at a distance. Yet every day he prayed that heaven would send him a wife. One night he dreamed his prayer was to be answered. Waking at dawn he hurried a stone into the air, at random, to learn from which direction this future wife would appear. As the stone crashed down the mountain path Pedro heard a yell. He had almost struck Sebastiano, his employer, rich owner of all the Spanish lowlands that lay at the foot of the Pyrenees. Sebastiano had climbed the hills to have a confidential talk with his shepherd. To Pedro's amazement the master was followed by a fair young girl. The shepherd's astonishment increased when Sebastiano offered him the post of chief milker in the lowlands and promised to give him the lovely girl, Marta, for wife. The youth accepted the proposition in a delirium of joy and prepared to descend to the lowlands to take up his new employment and to celebrate his wedding on the morrow. As a matter of fact, Marta, who fiercely opposed the match, had long ago become enmeshed in Sebastiano's subtle power. The master, wishing to marry a lady of rank, had now hit upon this scheme for ridding himself of the peasant girl and to silence gossip. Pedro, of course, was ignorant of Sebastiano's dark motives.

Next day in the lowland village the marriage ceremony was performed. The villagers, who well knew that Marta was forced into the union by her fear of Sebastiano's rage, forbore to tell the happy bridegroom the truth. It was not until he and Marta were alone in the mill after the wedding that Pedro noticed the girl was wretchedly unhappy. He tried to please her by giving her as wedding present a silver coin, the only money he had ever owned. Sebastiano had given it to him for slaying a wolf in flight. It was still stained with the gallant lad's blood. Pedro talked to her. Marta began to realize for the first time that he had married her in good faith and that he really loved her. The girl's hatred for her new husband turned to pity. Worn out by grief, she fell asleep at last in her chair. Pedro stretched himself out on the mill floor at her feet to guard her from the terrors that had seemed to fill her heart. After a time he, too, slept.

Dawn found the couple thus. Marta, awakening and seeing Pedro still lying asleep at her feet, left the room to busy herself about the preparing of breakfast. While she was gone Nuri, a half-grown village girl, ran in with a gift for her. From the girl's innocent prattle Pedro learned part of the horrible truth about his own wedding. Still ignorant of Sebastiano's share in the deception, he vowed to slay the unknown man who had caused Marta such sorrow. Marta, entering and finding her husband in eager talk with Nuri, was seized with violent jealousy, and thus knew for the first time that she loved Pedro. But the shepherd, having just discovered, as he thought, that Marta cared nothing for him, left the mill in a rage.

Later, goaded by the taunts of the villagers, he returned to say good-by before going back forever to his beloved mountains. But Marta, because of her new love for him, bade the shepherd wait to hear her confession. He refused. The desperate woman, eager for death now that he had turned against her, begged him to kill her. Pedro shrunk back. She threw a knife before him, and by working him into a blind fury sought to make him stab her. He struck, slightly wounding her arm; then hurried the knife away in horror. After a wild scene of rage and remorse, he bade her come with him from the lowlands to his own mountains, there to dwell with him safe from further harm. She gladly consented. They moved toward the doors, only to be confronted on the threshold by Sebastiano.

The master forbade Marta to leave the lowlands, and ordered his servants to throw Pedro out. Pedro angrily insisted on taking his wife with him. Sebastiano, losing his temper, struck the shepherd in the face. Pedro cried aloud in fury; but generations of servitude forbade a Spanish peasant to raise hand against his master. Marta, however, shrieked forth Sebastiano's secret and called on Pedro to slay him. Pedro leaped at Sebastiano's throat, but the master's followers overcame him by force of numbers and dragged him from the mill. Sebastiano laughed loud in triumph and caught Marta in his arms. The maddened girl screamed to Pedro for help. Pedro, escaping from his captors, burst into the room and buried himself upon Sebastiano. There was a quick, short struggle. Then the master collapsed, lifeless, at the shepherd's feet. Pedro, drawing Marta to his breast, cried:

"Back to our mountains! To light and freedom! The wolf is dead! I have slain him!"

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